

Saturday  
January  
1984

7  
i.p.1

By 1030 AM I was downstairs -- having slept well and for well over 8 hours. Recently I seem to have an enormous appetite for sleep. From 11-3, I was more or less at my desk -- catching up and organizing.

I always feel very good at the end of such a session -- as I do at the moment for example. Ray called around 130 PM & wondered about getting paid this week. (He had spoken with John & John told him to call me. I called and left a message on Howard's answering machine and then Ray called me back. I told him that HAY was not at home but that he would probably be back later, at which time Ray and Paul and Jimmy will be paid. John called and I explained what was going on with the pay checks. Job's condition today is better than last night but he will be "out of commission" for about three days. John asked: "I'm not going to lose my job at City Hall because I'm out for three days, am I?" I assured him that he would not. I asked him if he was receiving visitors and he said that he was and I said that I would stop by sometime today.

Last night when we stopped at the Hendrik Company on the way to the hospital, John's father -- Callous, selfish and frightened -- barked out, in quiet, to Connie: "I told you [Connie] that he [Job] should not be going down to City Hall and working. That's why his back is sore." Such stupid, brutish, ignorant, selfish behavior. Has John's father forgotten why Job was doubled over in pain? -- because he was beaten by his beast-father and not because he was working at City Hall. Job's father doesn't miss a chance to belittle/run-down/demean everything that John is interested in. Some of the things that must be said at 46<sup>th</sup> canon  
^ about SLP and the Historical Society when I am not there must truly be astounding. Well, pray on, Jack Buberniak. Your son will have the last laugh, and your son's friend, SLP, will do everything in his power to make sure that he does.